DNA

Saul Williams

Feel the music
Son, we got you programmed like a beat
When I press snare, yo, guard your grill
Press kick, you move your feet
You can't compete
I got my hydrants parked on every street
I'm federal nigga, son of sun, come close and feel the heat
I am the streets
The white lines only separate me from me
You hydroplane in false god's name and still crash into me
Sign and tree; mountainside; guard rail; into the sea
They thought they stole you from my arms then carried you to me
Here's the key: DNA encoded in a beat
White rocks in a vial, nigga, ain't got nothin' on me.
Bitch I'm free, ask these editors at MTV
Far as they, know they're publishing some new school poetry
Let it be
Cause even that will do to turn the key
Doorways into other worlds, the truth shall set you free
You are me, I am you, but also I'm he
Shepherd of a bastard flock that grazes in the streets
Feel the beat, nod your head, lean back, yo, touch your feet
Let me see you pop that thing right there girl in your seat
Feel the heat, count this page amongst your whitest sheets
Comfort in my every word, slide under, countless sheep

Hail Mary, Mother of God
Got the whole host of angels shuffling in my iPod
Niggas learned to raise their voices when I lowered my rod
Staff of Moses, pharaoh knows it, son, my word is my bond
Tune my heart with mind, speak my nature: Divine
Callin' shit into existence back in '79
With the future in my pocket tightly gripped like a nine
Keep my finger on the trigger waiting for the right time
Ancient niggas align, path of cosmic design
Blood of kings cause Saturn's rings, don't need no diamonds to shine
Yes, the reason for the season, ornamented divine
Coded language of the mystics with my fist in the sky

Keep your head up, we represent the real, my nigga, dead up
Book of the Dead, history bled, this nigga fed up
Led us to despair, some into prayer, and they won't let up
Until they got us worshiping them false gods instead of, the realness
God of the streets my niggas feel this
We nod our heads and worship through beats
Go ahead and kneel
It's the love that makes the cipher complete
And it'd displayed through the way the bass line marries the beat

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Niggas learned to raise their voices when I lowered my rod
Staff of Moses, pharaoh knows it, son, my word is my bond
Tune my heart with mind, speak my nature: Divine
Callin' shit into existence back in sev-sev-sev-sev-sev
With the future in my pocket tightly gripped like a nine
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Keep your head up...

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